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CATERING TO SNOBS

TOO COMMON.

It has been observed by those who keep their eyes and ears open that there is more snobbery in the United States than there is in any European country. We profess to feel a fine disdain for titles, yet a member of the nobility who would pass through Europe unnoticed will throw almost any American town into a frenzy of delight and a furor of adulation.

There happens now to be sojourning at Los Angeles a sprig of English nobility, Lord Herbert, whose business on this side of the continent is to attend the international polo tournament at Pasadena. Whatever distinction Lord Herbert enjoys in his native land he derives from his birth and that distinction is not marked in a country where lordings are so numerous that one cannot sly a brick carelessly in any direction without subjecting himself to prosecution for assault upon a scion of nobility.

Yet, the Los Angeles newspapers, at any rate, two of them, assault their front page readers daily with columns of trash and photographs of this unimportant lordship in every possible attitude. Royalty itself could not command such publicity in even a provincial English newspaper. We must assume that the newspapers which are exploiting his lordship know what they are about and are catering to a public taste, to a population of tuff-hunters, a clientele of snobs.

Phoenix and Prescott papers have been devoting some space to another Englishman of lesser title, but all this space has been sensibly and worthily employed. Sir Gilbert Parker is a man deserving of all the honor that may be bestowed upon him. He is not only a knight but a gentleman of knightly qualities, a world-famed man of letters and achievement.

SHE FOUND HAPPINESS
AND DEATH.

Again we are reminded that "the wages of sin is death." On Sunday morning a man and a woman, locked in a last embrace, were found lying on the floor of a room in a New York apartment house. The door was locked and the windows were closed and bolted fast. Gas was streaming from five burners of a range at the head of the sleepers.

The circumstances left no doubt in the minds of the horrified onlookers that this was the end of a suicide pact. The man and woman were Mr. and Mrs. John L. Noble.

Less than a year ago the New York papers day after day presented new phases of the elopement of the wife of Walter Lispenard Suydam, a young multi-millionaire of most aristocratic family with Noble, the son of a plumber. The husband, notwithstanding his pride of birth, so loved the woman that he was willing to pocket the shame she had put upon his name and pleaded with his wife to return to the home they had made nine years before. Her reply dwelt much upon "affinities." She could not be happy without her lover. When Suydam saw that his wife was hopelessly obdurate, less to free himself than to enable the woman to marry her lover, he procured a divorce. His attitude to his former wife after their marriage was curiously friendly. He visited her often and afforded her steady financial aid that she might still taste of the luxuries she had abandoned, that she might be happy.

Now, in less than a year, happiness was succeeded by misery, so unbearable that relief from it was sought in eternal sleep.

ON THE SPUR
OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

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ACCORDING TO
UNCLE ABNER

Amy Hicks of our village let his air grow long and sit on a flower tie and soon had the reputation of being a great artist. He as recently had a picture exhibited in the French salon. Grandma Perkins says she would think a salon was a dangerous place to exhibit pictures as some feller might get soused and poke a hole in 'em. She knows it is the same sort of a place even though it is spelled different.

Luke Tibbitts spent nine years whitening a full rigged ship inside of a glass bottle and lost three wives during the interim from washboard-bits.

When some fellers want to get their hats blocked all they have to do is to put them on their heads. When anybody wants to catch a train on our railroad they wait until they hear the whistle for the station, then make their toilets, pack their grips and walk to the depot, arriving in plenty of time before the train does.

If Miss Amy Pringle, our village milliner, doesn't get a husband during the coming year, it will be her own fault. The trouble is every time Amy tries to spring the leap year gag she finds out that the feller is already married.

Tip feller with nine old maid daughters living at home is looking forward to the coming year with pleasant anticipations. Miss Pansy Tibbitts has hopes that her feller is all right after all. The ring he gave her Christmas ain't turned green yet.

Hank Tumms has succeeded in trading off all of his Christmas presents exceptin' the neckties. Neckties are like corns. Every feller has got eight or ten.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY

It takes only twelve hours to make a Chinese day, and that is long enough a day for anybody in that country.

Mr. Bryan believes in the initiative, referendum and recall. But there are probably some events that he would just as soon not recall.

The main business street of Columbus, O., is High Street which seems very appropriate in view of the cost of living.

But no party of men could possibly be as innocent as those beef trust authorities look right now.

There seems to be considerable uncertainty as to Mr. Roosevelt's future. Mr. Roosevelt, by the way, seems to share this uncertainty.

The middle name of the new lord mayor of London is Boor, which may or may not signify anything in particular.

The French now think that Monna Lisa was stolen by an American. But an American would never have left the frame.

Dr. Sun, the new president of China certainly sounds good to the newspaper headline writers.

After the government takes the watch trust apart nobody will ever be able to put it together again and get all the wheels in.

BROMIDES

"I just love this snappy weather. It's reasonable and all right."
"Huh! It can never get too cold for me. I wouldn't wear an overcoat if it were not for the looks of the thing."

This is not an isolated case. These "affinity" affairs, though they do not always end in tragedy, almost invariably end in woe. The Noble case is an addition to the unbroken record of misery.

THE EXPLOSION

MUST BE EXTERIOR.

The Los Angeles Tribune, which stands a few feet in front of the foremost rank of the ultraist progressives, is for anything to beat Taft. A worshipper alike lately of La Follette, Bryan and Wilson it sees hope now only in Colonel Roosevelt. From day to day the Tribune gives publicity to private polls and straw votes showing that the country stands five or six to one in favor of Roosevelt as against Taft. But we observe that in republican conventions which meet to select delegates to state conventions, which are in turn to send delegates to the Chicago convention, the friends of Taft are in a smothering majority.

If the Tribune desires to contribute to the defeat of Taft, let it possess itself in patience and not exhaust its energy in fruitless, premature maneuvering. Let it wait until the democratic party has chosen a capable leader, as it will do, one who will appeal to the common sense, and not to the wild prejudice of the country, and then let the Tribune get in and boost.

Taft cannot be blown up from within his party. His destruction must be accomplished by an exterior explosion.

"Say, Pete, I wear thin guaze underwear all winter and I never have a cold."

"The only kind of music I admire Andra, Brigit, Eliza, Hannah, Melissa, is the music of the sleigh bells. I wish it was down to zero all the time."

"You call this cold Bill? Say, I remember back in 1875, the mercury went down so far we couldn't tell how cold it was and it stayed there for eight straight weeks. The snow was up to the second stories of the houses and the neighbors tunneled to one another's home. We didn't have any mail for a month and a half."

"Good old fashioned winter. That's the kind for me, I wouldn't give three cents to go to Florida right now. I never feel good unless the temperature is down to zero and the further down it goes the better I feel."

ANOTHER TWENTY GREATEST

This "twenty greatest" business is getting on our nerves. Yesterday we received a pink note from a pale lady, asking us to name the twenty greatest humorists in the world's history. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt the twenty greatest humorists are or were Nero, Jonah, Ramezes II, H. Rider Haggard, Hank James, Confucius, Connie Mack Dante, Russell Sage, Benedict Arnold, President Castro, Muggsy McGraw, Old Scrooge, Simon Legree, Blue Beard, Senator Aldrich, Henry VIII, Jesse James, John D. Rockefeller and the man who invented the gown that books up the back.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY"
FEBRUARY 8

1587—Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded. Born Dec. 7, 1542.

1791—Bank of the United States incorporated.

1820—Gen. William T. Sherman born in Mansfield, O. Died in New York, Feb. 14, 1891.

1823—Jules Verne, famous French writer of romances born. Died March 24, 1905.

1836—Philadelphia first lighted by gas.

1843—The town of Point a Pitre, Guadeloupe, entirely destroyed by and earthquake.

1847—Gen. Kearney proclaimed the annexation of California to the United States.

1849—The Roman National assembly divested the Pope of all temporal power, and adopted a republican form of government.

1861—United States arsenal at Little Rock seized by the Arkansas authorities.

1862—Gen. Burnside's joint naval and military expedition against North Carolina engaged in the battle of Roanoke Island.

1870—Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught) attended the funeral of George Peabody at Portland, Me.

1872—Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, assassinated at Port Blair. Born in Dublin, Feb. 21, 1822.

1873—John White Geary, governor of Pennsylvania 1867-73, died in Harrisburg. Born in Mount Pleasant, Pa., Dec. 20 1819.

1877—Sir Alexander Campbell appointed lieutenant-governor of Ontario.

1896—President Barrios of Guatemala assassinated.

COSTA RICAN IS DIGNIFIED

He Loves Pomp and Ceremony and His Formal Banquets Are Distinguishingly Solemn.

"The Costa Rican loves pomp and ceremony. He plays with diplomacy, and from force of habit strikes a threatening attitude toward the head of the government, whoever he may be, but never carries it so far as to provoke a revolution, as is done in the sister republics.

"He is a perfect picture of the posing hero in the comic opera, never yet having been conquered by his enemy, but always on guard," writes a woman correspondent of Health Culture. "The old Spanish Hidalgoes who warred with the Central American states did not consider the country around San Jose (reached then by a bridge path over the mountains) worth fighting for.

"So they left the natives in possession and the consequence is that the peon, or barefooted native, driving his yoke or diminutive oxen, is no today's slave. He owns his mule and cart, his little patio of land and farmhouse. The tax gatherer has no place there, therefore when you meet him reincarnated as the dignified merchant he is a most self-respecting citizen.

"A dinner of fifty covers, with three kinds of wine, was tendered a foreign diplomat during our stay at the Hotel Imperial. When they were all seated and the dinner well on we gained a cogn of vantage where we were not seen, and I aver that a woman's suffrage luncheon in New York City was a hilarious affair in comparison to it. Yet nearly every man present had been educated in Europe.

"At Christmas time, during the ten days of fete, they enter heartily into the spirit of the carnival, and then fold themselves away for the rest of the year."

Indication of Interest.

"The school mistress is interested in you, dad."

"How's that?"

"Why, today, after she'd told me six times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Judge.



Your Best Friend

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Proverbs xviii, 24.

You've a friend you have sorely neglected—
The very best friend you possess.
He's the one that is always expected
To shoulder your load of distress.
You have always been good to the others,
Have lavished the kind word and a smile;
You have made these strangers your brothers—
Be good to yourself for a while.

You have sacrificed time, thought and money
For those who forgot it too soon,
You have met them with countenance sunny
When he would have thought it a boon.
If you'd only let him share your laughter
Instead of the weight of your bile—
So remember your best friend hereafter—
Be good to yourself for a while.

There are many who lend or who borrow,
Who come to collect or repay;
There are those who forget you tomorrow
Who greet you with handclaps today;
But he knows your worth, and he only,
He knows all your merit and guile,
Don't you think that sometimes he is lonely?
Be good to yourself for a while.

Now, you know all the others completely,
As though they were books on your shelf,
But for long you've ignored him too neatly—
Say, what do you know of yourself?
Is there anyone else who will struggle
To bring you success all the while?
Then why is it with life you would juggle?
Be good to yourself for a while.

Just be good to yourself—it will pay you.
You'll find when you're down on your luck
And when everything wants to dismay you
That he helps you out of the ruck.
So, today, with yourself get acquainted,
Be free with your friendliest smile,
For you're not half as bad as you're painted—
Be good to yourself for a while!



SAVED BY TROUSER BUTTON

Alpine Guide Finds Tiny Article in Rock Cleft and Lost Climbers Are Rescued.

The Alpine guide has practically no knowledge of the use of map and compass; in fact, he is prone to despise their aid, yet how many dozens of lives would have been saved on Mont Blanc alone had such simple aid been appreciated. The professional prefers to rely on his powers of observation and that peculiar instinct sometimes aptly described as the bump of locality. He is alert to detect the slightest traces of predecessors. A party of us were once befogged and had lost all idea of our position on the complicated westerly face of the Riffelhorn. A young guide was with us, and he became dangerously disconsolate and halting that one of the amateurs had to take the lead. For some hours we fought with severe difficulties, discouraged meanwhile by our companion's prophecy of certain disaster. His poor old mother was doomed to lose her only support! Things were altogether miserable. Suddenly we came to a ledge on a desperate corner with a steep chimney to the right. The young guide signalled his arrival by my side with a great and startling yodel, a joyous shout as of deliverance. His quick eye had espied a trouser button in the cleft of the chimney, and we knew that we had struck a regular route. That tiny relic of humanity put new life into the faltering one, and he then led us hand over hand to the summit—Wide World.

SOME RIGHT TO BE ANGRY

Foreigner's Action That Was a Knock-Out Blow to New Yorker's Idea of Courtesy.

The maddest man on a Mount Vernon-New York car the other evening was a polite man. There was the usual Sunday night crowd waiting on the curb for an opportunity to get to the subway at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street, and only the lucky ones got seats. The aisle was filled with standees before the car started for New York.

Only one man of sturdy build and foreign extraction was clumsily holding a baby in his arms. Beside him was his wife, also a straphanger. The polite man observed them, thought it was tough luck to have to stand with a chubby youngster in one's arms, all the way to the city, and offered his own seat to the tired couple.

The sturdy young man of foreign extraction accepted the courtesy with a warmour of thanks. He gave a sign of relief as he sank into the vacant seat. Then he handed the baby up to his mother to hold, which she did the rest of the way.—New York Times

OLD ENGLISH INNS REMAIN

These Charming Places on the Post Roads Have Changed Little in Many Years.

A history of the coach roads out of London would be a history of England, and the stories of the inns alone would make a fat volume. They are still charming towns, with the same oak rafters and oak wainscoting, the same stuffed trout and foxes in dusty glass cases. They are as they were when they sold brandy in casks that had been thrown shorewards off Brighton and washed into the hands of waiting smugglers; as they were when a day broke, a masked gentleman on a gray mare would rap gently with his whip on their green shutters. And, then the inns themselves, what could be more charming than their names? Such names as the Angel of the Annunciation, at Staines on the last change into Windsor, which dates back to the days of the monasteries when the innkeeper of that tavern was a lay brother, and on the last stage to Box Hill, the Robin Hood Inn, which dates back to that man himself, and those other inns that celebrate the stars of the animal kingdom in specific colors: The White Hart at Henfield on the Brighton Road, the Din Horse of Manning's Heath, the White Horse of Dorking, the Bull at Mockbridge, the Bear at Esher, the Lion at Guildford, and at Wimbledon the Dog and Fox. Great men have stopped at these inns, and while we change horses the landlord will point out the windows of the rooms in which they rested—the first man of Europe on his way to Brighton, Lord Nelson on his way to join his ship at Portsmouth, and Sheridan, Pope, Mr. Pears, Wainman, Dick Turpin, Capt. Henry Ennison, Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and David Copperfield.—Rich and Harding Davis in the Metropolis.

Pearl Divers in Australia.

The Queensland (Australia) diver gets into his dress at daybreak, steps onto the ladder over the side, and fastens the life line around him; the tender screws on the face glass, the pumps are started and down goes the diver to look for shell. If he is on ground where shell is plentiful he fills his bag, then allows his dress to fill with air, which brings him to the surface, when he is hauled to the boat by the life line. He empties his bag onto the deck and goes down for another haul. Some of the divers occasionally work in 25 fathoms.

The greatest danger with which the diver has to contend is paralysis, and knowing the risk he runs he sometimes demands \$1,000 in advance, and this amount is sometimes lost to the pearler through the zeal and daring of the diver.

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Thought for Today

By MRS. ROBERT M. LAFFLETTE.



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RESPONSE TO ENVIRONMENT.

There could be no better illustration of the quick work of environment than the American people. We are of such recent origin, of such a mixed stock that we could hardly be expected to have any national characteristic. And yet, such is the influence of environment that we have already developed marked national traits, which distinguish us as the world over. Not only that, but different sections of this country have well defined characteristics, even the different states and cities claim individuality. It is not alone an easterner, a westerner, a southerner, but a Virginian, a New Yorker, a Californian, a Bostonian, a Washingtonian, a Chicagoan.

This ready response to environment has its great lesson educationally. So long as there is no incurable, structural defect, heredity is wonderfully modified by environment, not for individuals alone but for the off-spring. By conscious, intelligent, educational effort, there is no limit to the possibilities of self help and self improvement.

It is important that all effort at improvement should be made in a whole some spirit. The constant abnormal concentration of ourselves, dwelling on our imperfections and ailments is self-destructive. But no effort made in the right spirit toward health, toward beauty and perfection of life is ever lost, though we may come far from reaching the goal, though we may finally succumb to the tendency—we have resisted, the effort to meet and overcome it, has its reflex influence on our own character and by example, on the character of others. We have made our contribution to the upliftment of the race. The universal tendency of all life is toward the normal. All our efforts in this direction, has nature's approval. Sooner or later she will take in her strong hands the work we have laid down and carry it!

Successful Business Woman Holds
Record Insurance Policy

MRS. CHARLES NETCHER

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—For a woman to be insured for \$1,200,000 is unprecedented in life insurance annals. Mrs. Charles Netcher, who, since her husband's death, has conducted the immense detail of one of Chicago's largest department stores, has just taken out a new policy of \$500,000 making a total insurance of \$1,200,000 for her life.

Restaurant Dining
Frock By Paquin

Practical Fashions

LADY'S SHIRT WAIST.



Although this waist is a tailor made one, there is a novel effect of closing, inasmuch as the neck and front edge are trimmed with a band shaped to them. There is also a full length tuck and a short one at each side in front. The back, however, is plain.

All waist materials, cambric, madras, chambray, linen, flannel, silk and satin are available for this model.

The pattern (5557) is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department" of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 5557. SIZE

NAME

TOWN

STREET AND NO.

STATE

LIVE STOCK MEN MEET

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 8.—The annual meeting of the South Carolina Live Stock association, which began a two days' session in this city today, has attracted an unusually large number of breeders from all parts of the state. The chief purpose of the meeting is to consider ways and means of eradicating the cattle tick and increasing and bettering the live stock industry in South Carolina.

A Perilous Duty.

"My position," remarked the eminent physician, "is one requiring the greatest tact and diplomacy."
"What is the trouble?"
"I feel conscientiously obliged to tell several of my most wealthy and influential patients that they overeat."